WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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SCHABRACO.

[CONTINUED.]

TAKING, then, another obſervation of the edifice, he was about to deſcend the hill, along which he was wandering, when the ſound of an inſtrument, riſing, as it were beneath his feet, acted like electricity upon Rinaldo's faculties; and, half ſuſpending the breath which threatened to interrupt this gratification that ſtole upon his enraptured feelings, our adventurer ſtood the image of Attention perſonified; for added to the refined tones of an excellent lute, was a voice which ſung the ſweeteſt notes, and produced a melody ſo touching, ſo mournful, ſo enchantingly expreſſive, as put to flight every lively emotion. From whence aroſe the myſterious harmony Rinaldo could not aſcertain, altho the following ſtanzas were eaſily underſtood.

Orient Moon, whoſe livid beams
Tremble o'er Sicilian ſtreams;
Golden orb, whoſe ardent blaze,
Darts around refulgent rays;
Darkling I ſit, and ſigh in vain,
Or pour the ſad, deſponding ſtrain.

Sober Eve, whoſe ſoftened ſhades,
With grateful change the air invades;
Silent Night, and ſilver Moon,
That well ſupplies the place of noon;
No more your ſweetneſs lulls my cares,
Here Sadneſs wounds, and Sorrow wears!

The diſtance from Schabraco's dwelling prevented all ſuſpicion of its originating from any ſubterranean apartment; and the ground beneath him was of a texture totally unfavorable to the ſuppoſition of any rocky caverns, as it was ſoft and rich; too remote from the ſhore for any communication with its indented cliffs. While perplexed to a degree ſuperior even to the terrors of the paſt night, Rinaldo again heard muſic; it paſſed on the air; and to his ſituation, when the firſt ſtrains caught his ear, he attributed the notion of its being beneath him. However, to wait for any further elucidation was uſeleſs, and he ſlowly purſued a path which brought him to a part of the ſhore much nearer Meſſina. The ſtraits opened in front, but no boats came within call; and Rinaldo reſted upon a ſtone patiently, hoping the arrival of ſeveral which he beheld advancing. While thus employed, he was alarmed by the paddling of oars, to the left of a projection that concealed whatever might be the cauſe; and in a few minutes he was gratified by the ſight of his own boatmen, who, on being hailed, directly made for the ſhore. From them he learnt, that, after waiting two hours beyond the time preſcribed, they rowed to a ſheltered cave, faſtened their ſmall veſſel and ſlept till the ſun awakened them.

It was lucky for Rinaldo that the land tended ſo as to make that part of the ſhore convenient for croſſing, and he ſtepped on board with a grateful heart, wh new ſurmiſes reſpecting the inviſible muſic, occupied his mind. To account for an abſence, ſo unexpected, was Rinaldo's next buſineſs. Count Piozzi had that morning arrived at a villa, where his ſon was received. More vexed than alarmed at an incident not uncommon, he received the confuſed enterpriſer with a countenance of ſeverity. Rinaldo's ſentiments, unfortunately, were reflected in his features; they ſpoke a myſtery, which his words denied. The Count ſaw their confutation in an ingenious bluſh, and the alarm became ſerious: his eyes were rivitted on the poor youth, who could ſcarcely bear a ſcrutiny ſo terrible. It was evening, and in a public promenade, when Rinaldo was thus ſituated. He would have drawn from his father's arm the hand he had juſt paſſed through it; and, ſtarting ſuddenly back, fixed a wild and horrific look upon a figure who glided by them. The Count's aſtoniſhment encreaſed; there was ſomething ſo ſtrange in this perplexity, ſo ſuſpicious in the fearful attention of Rinaldo to the ſtranger's ſteps, that his father determined, if poſſible, to force an explanation of this extraordinary buſineſs.—"You know ſomething of that perſon, I preſume, Rinaldo?" cried he. "That perſon!" "Yes, him, who is juſt now leaving the place." "The place!" "Amazing! What means this abſence? Do you recollect with whom you are trifling?" "Pardon me, my lord; my ideas are ſo confuſed!" Schabraco (for it was him) again returned; and, paſſing at that moment, glanced a look of ſuch ſtern import at the youth, as once more deranged even his ſpeech.

The Count was almoſt tempted to ſeize the cauſe of his ſon's incoherence, but Schabraco was gone; and Rinaldo, gazing after him, exclaimed.—"I am bound, fatally bound, by a promiſe, which even now is, in ſome meaſure, violated. Pity my agitation, and let it ſuffice, that curioſity has led me into a dangerous, and awful dilemma. My lord, I can ſay no more." "I underſtand you, Rinaldo; the Signor, who has occaſioned your confuſion by ſome unknown art, obtains an undue power over you." So ſaying, he ruſhed towards the ſpot from whence Schabraco retreated, but in vain, and he returned to his trembling ſon, with a countenance exhibiting marks of half-concealed agony. He ſaw the ſtruggle of Rinaldo's ſoul; and, while he could not condemn the dictates of that integrity he had ever encouraged, felt determined to watch his ſteps, hoping to gain by that means the intelligence which ſeemed eſſential to his peace.

As ſeveral days were now elapſed, during which Rinaldo had not exhibited the ſmalleſt inclination to quit his uſual purſuits, the deſire of Count Piozzi to develope this myſtery gradually declined. He ſaw the youth apparently free from any anxiety, but that originating in his regret to quit Meſſina, and Sicilian honor would not permit him to tamper with Rinaldo's. Matters were thus ſituated, when the Count's wiſhes were again inflamed, and every painful ſuſpicion revived, by the appearance of two obſcure looking men in converſation with his ſon. They were on the quay, and by their motions, appeared to be making ſome arrangements for a voyage; now looking down the ſtraits, and now pointing to a boat which was faſtened near them. Eager to underſtand the ſubject of their diſcourſe, though unwilling to be obſerved, he reſolved to watch the men, he now began to imagine were, in ſome degree, connected with the object of his uneaſineſs and waited with conſiderable impatience for their ſeperation, which was no ſooner effected, than he cautiouſly followed one, who ſeemed to be diſpatched as if with a meſſage.

From him the Count, by proper management, obtained a full explanation of Rinaldo's conduct; as much of it as belonged to his viſit to the Calabrian coaſt, his diſcovery of Schabraco's reſidence, and his return with them on the following morning; confeſſing himſelf, alſo to be one of the men who had conveyed him thither.

With every advantage ſuperior years and wiſdom could give, Count Piozzi poſſeſſed alſo diſcrimination; and, added to all, had a ſecret, yet unaccountable, preſentiment of evil reſpecting this Schabraco, which he could neither fully admit, or diſcharge. Impelled, therefore, by a very rational deſire to come at the motive for ſuch an extraordinary ſecrecy, he ventured to engage this man, with his fellows, to do the ſame office for him that they had before executed for Rinaldo, whoſe buſineſs, Marco frankly owned, was to ſettle ſome additional demand for the trouble they met with during that night, which had damaged their boat. Satisfied with this explanation the Count proceeded to a proper arrangement of his intended expedition. Signor Mercutio, a man of talents and property, readily engaged to accompany him.

Ever diſtinguiſhed for an ardent ſpirit, which in ſome inſtances might be denominated daring, he was ſuitably contraſted by Piozzi, who, with equal intrepidity, felt no want of critical courage.

It was thought impolitic to demand aſſiſtance of the police, as there was no certainty of its being at all neceſſary; and, with the cloſing evening, our gallant pair ſet out for the Calabrian coaſt, accompanied only by their boatmen, who were ordered to wait for them at the little cove, near which they had been diſcovered by Rinaldo. As this enterprize was carefully concealed from him, it made their intended excurſion more difficult, and leſs certain of ſucceſs; for none of the company could tell the path to Schabraco's reſidence from the place of landing, and Piozzi choſe not to advance further through the ſtraits, leſt they ſhould be endangered by the effects of a ſtorm, which hung above the eaſtern horizon, and had already roufed the rippling waves, that began to roll in irregular ſucceſſion. At the ſuggeſtion of Marco, they ſought a ſecure ſituation for their boat, and, jumping on ſhore, left the men to provide for their own ſhelter, while they proceeded on this hazardous journey.

The aſtoniſhing perſeverance of Piozzi, evinced on an occaſion ſo inexplicable to Mercutio, induced that gentleman, while deſcending the firſt eminence, to expreſs a laudable curioſity to know his motives for ſuch exertions.

"I will tell you, my friend," he replied; "as much, at leaſt, of my inducements, as may countenance my preſent eagerneſs to explore this extraordinary buſineſs. The perſon of Schabraco is not wholly unknown to me. The dark and lowering aſpect; the ill-conceived malignancy of his ſullen eye; that piercing, yet ſhy glance, which marked his notice of my ſon, apparently belong to a man, who, many years ſince, was amenable to the laws for an atrocious act. I was in a court of juſtice when he was brought forward to anſwer

a terrible charge. I heard his artful defence; I beheld his ſtern, collected attitude; a countenance expreſſive of what I have now diſcribed, and a figure the very counterpart of Schabraco's. Should he, indeed, be releaſed to curſe mankind by ſimilar practices, I will exterminate the villain from a world he has ſo long diſgraced. Oh, my friend, to him---to him I owe the death of my angelic Leonora!---To his monſtrous impiety the peace of a happy family is facrificed! More than this I cannot ſay, leſt in Schabraco his perſon ſhould not be indentified. Indeed, my chiefeſt doubt ariſes from his daring to frequent the haunts of mankind, as well as from the certainty I once encouraged, that crimes ſo vaſt as his, and ſo fully proved, could never eſcape condign puniſhment. A ſevere illneſs which detained me at Florence prevented the ſatisfaction I ſought of his conviction. It commenced on the ſecond day of his trial, owing to ſome yet undecided cauſe; and when I recovered, neither culprit nor witneſſes were to be aſcertained or diſcovered. No minutes of the event could be procured. I had but few friends in that city, and from thoſe few I could obtain no information; but they unanimouſly joined in adviſing me to leave that part of Italy.------Syracuſe had its attraction, and I haſtened thither. In a future hour you ſhall know the whole of.....”

The Count's obſcure hints were ſuddenly interrupted by an awful burſt of thunder. It bellowed among the mountains with riterated ſtrength. The valley before them was wrapt in obſcurity, relieved only by ſucceſſive flaſhes, which ſerved but to render the ſcene more horrible. No trace of Schabraco's aſylum could be diſcerned: all was gloomy, deſolate, and unpropitious. To deſcend the path before them, promiſed no hope. They ſtopped, and, in an interval of the ſtorm, Mercutio, looking up, pointed out to Piozzi a ſulphurous track, which ariſing from the ſouth-eaſt, poured a prodigious column of ſpoke, in a horizontal direction, along the upper grounds. It had a tremendous appearance, and ſerved rather to confuſe than elucidate their path.

“Surely,” cried the Count, “that cannot proceed from Ætna?”

“Undoubtedly not, my friend; from ſuch a diſtance it muſt be impoſſible.”

While they were puzzled to aſcertain its cauſe, the light it emitted became ſomewhat clearer, and Mercutio ſuddenly exclaimed---“I ſee an edifice to the right.” “And that muſt be Schabraco's,” rejoined the Count. “The ſtorm abates; yonder flame, which I now perceive to ariſe from ſome vaſt trees, fired as is moſt likely by the lightning, will guide us. Come on, my intrepid friend; my heart beats high; I have a preſentiment that ſome ſtrange event is at hand. Certainly it will now be in my power to exonerate Rinaldo from the burthen of retention.”

[To be continued.]

LUCILLA.

****** THE conſcious bluſh crimſoned her countenace, ſhe ſtarted as ſhe ſaw me. Lucilla, ſaid I---ſir, returned the unhappy fair.---Alas! I knew thee in better days---thy voice was muſic to the ear---thy wit, the theme of every tongue. How is thine aſpect altered! the ſparkling eye hath loſt its fires---the roſes are faded---the lily is a ſallow pale.---What mighty misfortunes have deſtroyed thee? Where is the cruel invader of thy peace? She ſighed bitterly---the reply was candid like herſelf.---The attentions of Altamont you well know---He came from a diſtant ſtate, and bare me triumphant from all his compeers. A few months poſſeſſion ſickened on his ſoul. Perdita ſpread the ſnare of deſtruction---Altamont entered her toils, and has left me to weep.

Depreſt by too much ſenſibility of feeling, ſorrow hath been drowned in factious ſpirits---I have not the fortitude to reſiſt---Pity, Oh pity me, my friend---Yes! tendereſt pity ſhall be thine. I know thy parents, Lucilla, they ſhall forgive the errors of humanity, and claſp the returned prodigal to their beating boſoms. A gleam of joy illumed her features---it was tranſient as the colours of the bow. The remembrance of home was a dagger---it pointed to her heart---Lucilla fainted---She awoke not again.---Peace be to thy ſoul---the duſt ſhall lay light on thy errors---the tomb-ſtone record, the virtues, yes! many, were the inmates of the once virtuous Lucilla.******

ANECDOTE.

A German Author, for the purpoſe of bringing into a narrow compaſs and conciſe view, the duties of a married ſtate, has juſt publiſhed THIRTEEN large folio volumes on that ſubject.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

TO LOVE.

LOVE, thou ſweet endearing paſſion!
Source of every pure delight!
Without thee, what is worth poſſeſſing;
Beauty's charms, or fortune's height.

Gay, enlivening, ærial virtue,
Soft, luxurious, painful joy;
Let me to Friendſhip's bow'r conduct ye,
There enjoyment ne'er will cloy.

Nor ſullen grief, nor jaundic'd envy;
Black diſtruſt or haggard care:
Nor hell-born jealouſy attended,
By that frightful fiend---Deſpair!

E'er be heard of in thy dwelling:
Let their baneful influence reſt,
Where ranc'rous hatred, ever ſwelling,
Tears the tortured guilty breaſt. A.

SONNET TO MERCY.

FIRST attribute of Heav'n! to ſinners dear,
The conſtituted hope of guilty man,
Oft haſt thou wip'd the cheek bedewiag tear,
Whoſe ſtreamlets down the conſcious boſom ran:

Or huſh'd the heart-felt ſigh with pow'r benign;
And ſeal'd forgiveneſs, pardon all divine.
All gracious Mercy! balm of mental pain,
Round earth's wide bourne extend thy gentle reign:

Complete Jehovah's everlaſting plan----
Triumphant rule on glory's throne ador'd;
Whilſt each intelligence to God reſtor'd,
Shall join the choreal ſong of pardon'd man;

And mercy, mercy, mercy, be their theme,
Who live, forever live, in life's unclouded beam.

A BLUSH.

MYSTIC ſign of magic power,
Say from whence our virtues ſpring?
Born of a Roſe in Venus' bower,
And cradled on the Zephyr's wing.

On lily cheeks thy mantling charms
With treach'rous frankneſs truth betray;
In vain againſt thee Prudence arms----
In vain the fault'ring maid ſays NAY.

The ſinful wretch the crime conceal'd,
Shews all confeſs'd, in conſcious fears;
And midnight murder ſtands reveal'd----
The maſk falls off, and guilt appears.

And meek-eyed pity, tender love,
To thy ſoft ſpells their being owe;
And tears, which no big threats could move,
Wake at thy birth, and at thy bidding flow!

TO A NIECE ABOUT TO TAKE THE VEIL.

From the Italian of Father Bettinelli.

I, Deareſt Niece, firſt of our family,
Fled from the treacherous waves and ſtorms of life,
Nor ever could fair ſkies and flattering gales
Tempt me again to truſt the dangerous ſea.
Still does the tempeſt beat the little bark
That bore me here, nor mid ſo deep a night
See I one ſtar, whoſe friendly ray may ſave
The Mariner. Make you then for the port,
Toil for that holy haven! Innocence
And virtue will aſſiſt;----beloved! here
Is comfort, and the end of ev'ry ill.
And I have hope that we ſhall one day here
Beſide the altar hang our broken ſails,
And ſmile together at the diſtant ſtorm.

SENSIBILITY.

SWEET are the dewy tears of morn,
Which drop profuſion in the ſhow'r;
And ſweet the incenſe-breathing gale,
Which ſcatters fragrance from the flow'r.

But trifling ſuch poor charms appear;
Can theſe with Nature's feelings vie?
Much ſweeter is the falling tear;
More grateful ſtill----the heaving ſigh!

PRESENCE OF MIND.

A Hottentot, who lived in the ſervice of a Dutch merchant at the Cape of Good Hope, had been ſent by his maſter with a letter to one of the Coloniſts, who lived at a diſtance up the country. On his return, about midway between the place he had been to and Cape Town, he found he was followed by a lion. Now it is a ſingular fact in the natural hiſtory of this animal, that he never attacks his prey, while it is day-light. But he has been frequently known to follow perſons, at the diſtance of a few hundred yards, for many hours, while it was light, and to attack and deſtroy them, as night came on. When the Hottentot firſt diſcovered his danger, it was within a ſhort time of ſun-ſet; he knew, therefore, that he could neither return to the Coloniſt, or arrive at Cape Town before dark. In this perilous ſituation, with a famiſhed lion gazing on him, and growling with ſatisfaction at the proſpect of a good repaſt, he had recourſe to an expedient, which might do honor to a more enlightened being. In paſſing the chain of mountains, which are not far from Cape Town, he took his clothes, conſiſting merely of a thin jacket, trowſers, and a cap, and ſtuck them on a walking ſtick, ſo as to appear like ſomething human. He then let himſelf a few yards down the edge of the precipice, and ſet the ſtick with his clothes on it, juſt above the edge of it; while he remained on a ſmall ſhelf of the rock. The king of the foreſt was deceived: for when it was near dark, he ſprung eagerly forward on his ſuppoſed prey, and was daſhed to pieces by his fall down the ſteep. We need hardly add, that the Hottentot arrived at Cape Town in ſafety.

THE BRAVE GARRISON,

IN the year 1687, when Auſtria, Poland, and Venice, united in a formidable confederacy againſt the Turks, the Poliſh general, entering Moldavia, laid ſiege to the fortreſs of Nemez. This important place, which had been abandoned by all the inhabitants, was garriſoned only by nineteen Moldavian Chaſſeurs, whom accident had brought thither. Theſe brave men raiſed the draw-bridges, ſhut the gates, and refuſed to ſurrender. The Polanders, ignorent of the weakneſs of the garriſon, cannonaded the place for four days ſucceſſively. The Chaſſeurs defended themſelves courageouſly, and killed a great number of the beſiegers, among whom was the maſter of the artillery. On the fifth day, having loſt ten of their number, this little garriſon demanded to capitulate. An honorable capitulation was immediately granted, with liberty to retire where ever they pleaſed. As ſoon as the articles were ſigned, what was the aſtoniſhment of the beſieging army, in beholding ſix men, who ſupported on their ſhoulders three others that were wounded. At this inſtant, all the ſentiments of admiration, of ſhame, and indignation, were ſucceſſively uppermoſt in the boſom of the Poliſh general. For ſome moments he remained thunderſtruck. The dictates of honor, however, at length prevailed; and, ſtrictly adhering to the capitulation, he diſmiſſed the brave beſieged with every mark of military applauſe.

ANECDOTES.

Dr. C.....*, who for many years was the Mune of Paris, and had deſervedly obtained great reputation for his treatment of Maniacs, one day paid a profeſſional viſit to a private mad-houſe. A certain Nobleman, then confined there, followed him up to the garret, where his patient lay; and when arrived at the laſt landing, inſiſted on his jumping over the banniſters from thence to the bottom of the houſe. To jump was certain death, as the houſe was ſix ſtories high; and reſiſtance was altogether vain; for the Madman was ſix feet two inches high, and ſtrong in proportion, while the doctor was a very little deformed man, of about four feet ſix. His preſence of mind, however ſaved him. “I could,” ſays he, “jump with the greateſt eaſe from hence to the bottom; but that would be nothing wonderful. If you will permit me to deſcend the ſtairs, I will jump” ſaid he “ from the bottom to this place.” In this the maniac willingly acquieſced; and by that means the Doctor preſerved his life.

A Very corpulent traveller, riding through the city of Parugi, ſeveral of the inhabitants, who are noted for wit, aſked him, Why he carried his baggage before him? he anſwered, It is my cuſtom when I go to a town full of thieves.

MAXIM. He who is pleaſed with nobody, is much more unhappy than he with whom nobody is pleaſed.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1800.

On Friday evening last week, at Philadelphia, (after some very hot weather) there was a very heavy fall of rain, attended with severe thunder and lightning. About 9 o'clock, the wind blew with great violence, and overset a schooner from New-Providence, laying at quarentine opposite the mouth of Schuylkill, and but for the timely and active exertions of the officers of the customs, on board the revenue cutter, laying near, the crew must have perished, as the vessel lay on her broadside, with her masts in the water, and they were in the cabin, from whence they were taken (out of the cabin windows) into the cutter's boat. The next morning, however, she was righted, and the water pumped from her.

We are sorry to add, that a two mast boat was overset in the same gale, near Glouceiter Point, and one of her hands drowned.

Nearly in the latitude of Madeira the ship Clarendon of Bristol run on board the ship Beaufoy, Radley, of London, when, melancholy to relate, the latter went down with the crew and passengers, not a soul saved.

The accident, it appears, happened at night, no doubt from some fatal error at the wheel on board one or perhaps both ships. We do not know the names of the passengers on board the Beaufoy, but understand there were several, and among them some ladies, whose cries were distinctly heard as the ship was going down; the night being extremely dark, and the wind blowing hard at the time, with a heavy sea running, it was impossible to afford any assistance. The Beaufoy was bound for Montego Bay, and had on board a valuable cargo of Irish provisions. The Clarendon met with no other accident than the lofs of her bowsprit and fore-top-mast. [Jamaica paper.

Extract of a letter from Henry Warning, late master of the brig Delia, to Messrs. Bedient, Kimberly and Co. merchants of this city, dated

ST. BARTHOLOMEWS, May 20.

"On the 16th of April, within one day's sail of Turk's-Island, I was captured by a French privateer of eight guns from Porto Rico, who took out my mate and four men, but permitted myself and two boys to remain on board the brig. They put on board of us a prize-master, and four men, and ordered us for Porto Rico, the privateer keeping company with us for four days. On the 5th finding her out of sight, I laid a plan to retake the brig, which I accordingly effected; but have since seen trouble and hardship in consequence of it.---The plan I formed was as follows:---Knowing the prize-master to be entirely unacquainted with a vessel, I persuaded him to set the fore-top-mast studding-sails, and whilst they were all forward, except one Frenchman at the helm, I went into the cabin and brought up a pair of pistols, which I had secreted there, and gave one of them to one of the boys, who I shipped in New-York, as cook, by the name of Isaac Marley. I then got possession of the Frenchmen's arms, and drove the man from the helm. On seeing this, they all ran aft, but when I met them with the boy armed, they retreated and we drove them all into the fore-castle, without any injury, except to the man at the helm, who made some resistance, for which I cut him with a sword; he soon yielded, and was not materially hurt. Charles Cook was the other boy I had on board; but, he being forward to assist them in setting the sail, he had no chance to give us any assistance, nor did he even know what we were going to undertake. But the misfortune of all was, that after we had them in confinement for thirteen hours, and I was endeavoring to make the nearest port, which I judged to be Tortola, we fell in with a Spanish armed brig of sixteen guns, from Bilboa, in Spain, who immediately let the Frenchmen out of their confinement, hauled down the American colours, took me on board the Spanish brig and there detained me two hours; broke open my chest, took out some money with considerable clothing, and plundering the vessel, took her papers from me and gave them to the French prize-master together with possession of the brig Delia, and the arms. They then forced me on board the Delia again, where I was confined in the forecastle, together with the cook, who assisted me in taking the Frenchmen. I was there kept the most of the time for five days, when we arrived in St. Eustatia. I was there kept in prison for ten days, and was then sent over to this place, where I have been waiting these two weeks for a copy of condemnation, but it has not yet arrived. I expect it in a few days from Guadaloupe. With respect to the Spaniards, I hope this will be made public, as I conceive they had no right to meddle with me, as I had complete possession of the vessel, and knowing we were not at war with them. I hope this business will be taken notice of."

Extract from the Log-Book of the ship Minerva, Captain Pinkham.

"Thursday, May 29, lat. 32, 30 long. 66, 150 miles S. W. of Bermuda, at 6 A. M. saw a schooner standing towards us; at 8, perceived her to be a cruizer: at 9 she fired a gun to windward, and hoisted American colors; at 10, being within gun shot, she fired a gun which struck within twenty yards of us, hauled down the American colours, and hoisted a French enfign at the main-top-mast head, and sent a boat with an officer and 4 men on board, and ordered Captain Pinkham on board the Privateer with his papers.

"May 30, at 1 P. M. the Captain of the privateer came on board with another boat full of men, and broke open and carried off three bales Irish linens, &c. after which they began to plunder the ship, passengers and sailors of every thing they could lay their hands on, and robbed us of nearly all our stores, and almost all the cabin furniture; at 2 P. M. took out all the crew of the ship except the mate and passengers, and put them in irons on board the privateer; they then began to plunder the chests and beds of wearing apparel, and every thing worth taking away; took from Captain Pinkham ten guineas, with his great coat and other clothes, several hams, and our cooking utensils; they then ordered us to get ready to go on board the privateer, as it was their intention to burn the ship; at 4 P. M. the people returned on board, and shortly after the Captain's papers were deliverd him, four prisoners were put on board us, and we were suffered to proceed on our voyage. The name of the privateer was the Two Friends, mounting 12 four pounders, 14 days from Gaudaloupe, had taken three American vessels.

The privateer put on board the Minerva, Mr. Cook, the mate and four seamen belonging to the ship Sea-Flower, of Salem, bound to Jamaica, which ship she had captured on the 14th May, in the lat. of Turk's-Island, and sent for Guadaloupe. Mr. Cook was told on board the privateer, that they intended to cruize for some time betwixt the latitude of 28, 19 and 31.

CINCINNATI, June 4.

We learn that on Sunday morning last, a Mr. Alexander M'Fadon, of Hamilton, was stabbed by an Indian, of which he expired about an hour afterwards. We have not been able to learn half the particulars of the melancholy affair, but believe a dispute arose between them in consequence of Mr. M'Fadon's detaining some furs belonging to the Indian, which he done as he said by the orders of a Mr. Scott for the ferriage of him and some other Indians over the Miami---the Indians offered one skin, but refused to give more. After disputing for some time, Mr. M'Fadon, who it is said, was intoxicated, made a blow at the Indian, which he eluded. A gentleman who was present, with a view of preventing mischief, caught hold of the Indian, but he drew his knife unobserved, and struck backwards, past the person who was holding him, and stabbed M'Fadon in the thigh, through the principle artery. The perpetrator made his escape, but his companions, we believe three in number, were taken into custody, and report of the case was instantly made to the Governor----we do not yet know what proceedings he has had on it.

NASSAU, (N. Prov.) May 20.

On Sunday last arrived the American schr. Grey-hound, with Slaves from the Coast of Africa, by which we have received the intelligence of an English squadron of Frigates having taken Goree from the French.

A sloop bound for Exuma has had her mast split in pieces; and we understand that the storm has occasioned considerable damage to more of the shipping, and to several of the houses in town.

The La Prompte has sent into this Port an American brig, prize, bound from Vera Cruz, with money on board, as is said, to the amount of 50,000 dollars.

ANOTHER DUEL!

We hear from Oxford, (Massachusetts) that two Lieutenants of the army lately stationed there, had a meeting to settle an affair of honour; and we are concerned to state, that one of the bloody combattants received a dangerous wound in the toe!

COURT of HYMEN.

HOW blest that union, and those bonds how sweet,
Where honor, beauty, wisdom, virtue meet!

MARRIED

On Thursday evening, 26th ult. at Lancaster, (Pennsylvania) by the Rev Dr Muhlenbergh, Mr GEORGE SHEAFF, merchant, to Miss ANN CATHARINE MUHLENBERGH, daughter of Frederick Augustus Muhlenbergh, Esq.

On Saturday evening last, at Philadelphia, by the Rev. Bishop White, Mr WILLIAM DUANE, editor of the Aurora, to Mrs. MARGARET HARTMAN FRANKLIN BACHE, widow of the late Benjamin Franklin Bache, printer.

In this city, Mr JOHN ANDERSON, of New-Burgh, to Miss CHARITY WOODWARD, of New-Windsor.

For sale by John Harrisson, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

A NEW TREATISE
ON ASTRONOMY AND PHYSIC,
By Dr. JOSEPH YOUNG, M. D.
New-York.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE,
AND OTHER POEMS,
By THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LOUISA, THE LOVELY ORPHAN;
Or the Cottage on the Moor.
BY MRS. HELME.

FLOWERS OF MODERN TRAVELS,
Being
Elegant, entertaining and instructive Extracts from the works of the most celebrated Travellers.

Lottery Tickets

Continue to be EXAMINED at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip. ☞ The Lottery Book has been carefully corrected since the close of the drawing.

THOMAS PEDLEY,
Perfumer and Hair Dresser,

Respectfully informs the public that he continues his business at no 219 Water-street, near Crane-Wharf, where he has for sale, just from London, a complete assortment of Perfumery, and Ladies Braids of all sizes and colours. Gentlemen's Wigs and Scalps made on the shortest notice.

WANTED,

A BLACK BOY between twelve and sixteen years of age, to wait upon a Gentleman.---He wants him bound for a term of years, and will give him schooling. Enquire of the Printer. May 10.

JUST PUBLISHED,
and for sale at John Harrisson's Book-Store, Peck-Slip,
THE FIRST VOLUME OF
POEMS,
BY
SAMUEL LOW.

☞ The second volume is now in the press.

ANDREW R. MILLER,
No. 99 William-Street,

IN addition to his assortment of DRY GOODS, has received a handsome assortment of Plain and Spangled paper Fans, richly Spangled Silk do. Plain black Paper and Crape do. Rich Cloak-Sattin, different colors. Pelings, &c Fine black and white Laces and Edgings. Fine India Book Muslins. Wadding for interlinings. Silk Velvet of different colors. Furniture Dimity. A large assortment of Sattin and China Ribbons, worthy the attention of country merchants. 79 tf

Sold at No 3 Peck-Slip, by APPOINTMENT,
The True and Genuine
Dr. ANDERSON's
Famous Scots Pills.

COURT of APOLLO.

INDEPENDENCE.

HAIL! Independence, hail! Heaven's next beſt gift,
To that of life and an immortal ſoul!
The life of life! that to the banquet high
And ſober meal gives taſte; to the bow'd roof
Fair-dream'd repoſe, and to the cottage charms.
Of public Freedom, hail, thou ſecret ſource!
Whoſe ſtreams from every quarter confluent form
My better Nile, that nurſes human life.
By rills from thee reduc'd, irrigorous, fed,
The private field looks gay, with nature's wealth
Abundant flows, and blooms with each delight
That nature craves. Its happy maſter there,
The only Free-man, walks his pleaſing round;
Sweet featur'd Peace attending; fearleſs Truth;
Firm Reſolution; Goodneſs, bleſſing all
That can rejoice; Contentment, ſureſt friend;
And, ſtill freſh ſtores from nature's book deriv'd,
Philoſophy, companion ever new.
Theſe cheer his rural, and ſuſtain our fire,
When into action call'd his buſy hours.
Mean time true judging moderate deſires,
Economy and taſte, combin'd, direct
His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends
Secure his little kingdom. Nor can thoſe
Whom fortune heaps, without theſe virtues, reach
That truce with pain, that animated eaſe,
That ſelf-enjoyment ſpringing from within;
That Independence, active or retir'd,
Which makes the ſoundeſt bliſs of man below:
But, loſt beneath the rubbiſh of their means,
And drain'd by wants to nature all unknown,
A wandering, taſteleſs, gaily wretched train,
Tho' rich, are beggars, and tho' noble, ſlaves.
Americans! let not corruption ſly
Twine round your hearts indiſſoluble chains!
The ſteel of Brutus burſt the groſſer bonds
By Ceaſar caſt o'er Rome; but ſtill retain'd
The ſoft enchanting fetters of the mind.
And other Ceaſars roſe. Determin'd hold
Your Independence: for, that once deſtroy'd,
Unfounded Freedom is a morning dream,
That flits aerial from the ſpreading eye.

SWEET COWSLIPS.

IN the rude haunts of poverty, where I was bred,
Contented I ſung, though my portion was ſcant,
And at night, when dry ſtraw only pillow'd my head,
I was grateful to Heav'n that kept me from want:
Then I cry'd my ſweet cowſlips, ſweet cowſlips, come buy.

The Squire of the village ſoon came to our cot,
And tempted poor LILLA to quit it by ſtealth:
To forſake her low calling, and better her lot,
By ſharing with him in affection and wealth:
No more to cry cowſlips, &c.

But I laugh'd at his offers, rejected his pray'r,
Though lovely the youth was, and graceful his mien:
For I told him, the parents who rear'd me with care
Should never to bluſh for their LILLA be ſeen:
But I'd ſtill cry my cowſlips, &c.

My anſwer ſo pleas'd him, he tender'd his hand,
And vow'd he no more would my virtue diſtreſs;
But poor LILLA his fortune and name ſhould command,
And my dear aged parents the hour now bleſs,
When I cry'd my ſweet cowſlips, ſweet cowſlips, come buy

ANECDOTE.

OLD Johnſon the player, who was not only a very good Actor, but a good judge of painting, and remarkable for making many dry jokes, was ſhewn a picture, done by a very indifferent hand, but much commended, and aſked his opinion of it. "Why, truly, (ſaid he,) the painter is a very good painter, and obſerves the Lord's commandments." "What do you mean by that, Mr. Johnſon?" ſaid one who ſtood by. "Why I think, (anſwered he,) that he hath not made to himſelf the likeneſs of any thing that is in Heaven above, or in the Earth beneath, or in the waters under the Earth."

An Elegant Aſſortment of Ladies and Gentlemen's
MOROCCO POCKET BOOKS,
for ſale at no. 3 Peck-ſlip.

MORALIST.

ON VIRTUE.

THOSE actions which we denominate virtuous, have not any abſolute and independent, but a relative and reflected beauty, and the ſource from which they derive their luſtre is the intention which guided them. If well intended, whether they produce good or evil, they are equally virtuous. The producing good or evil are the accidents; the intention to produce good, is the eſſence of virtue; and this is the criterion or teſt by which virtue is to be determined.

MINIATURE PAINTING.

MR. PARISEN reſpectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen, that, from his late improvement in that art, and the great ſucceſs he has had in the likeneſſes he has lately taken, he will engage to draw the moſt perfect likeneſs, and finely painted in miniature. Should any of his pictures not prove properly ſatisfactory in regard to the likeneſſes or painting, Mr. P. will requeſt no compenſation for his trouble.------Profiles, and all kinds of hair devices, neatly executed. No 252 William-ſtreet. 04 tf

NOTICE

IS hereby given to the public, that the ſubſcribers have taken the FERRY from Long-Iſland to Catharine-Slip, (commonly called the NEW FERRY).--And whereas it has been very much neglected heretofore, the public may now rely on the ſtricteſt attention on both ſides, by
STANTON and WATERBERRY.
New-York, May 10. 02 tf

Free Maſonry.

JUST PUBLISHED,
and for ſale by J. Harriſson, No. 3 Peck-Slip,
THE SPIRIT OF MASONRY:
Or, the Morality and Practice of Free-Maſonry.
Illuſtrated and explained in fourteen Lectures, by Wm. Hutchinſon, Maſter of the Lodge of Concord, Barnard-Caſtle, England.
SANCTIONED BY THE GRAND LODGE.
This work is highly deſerving the approbation of Maſons, and very neceſſary for them to poſſeſs: it is one of thoſe guides to perfection in the duties of their calling, which every perſon deſirous of valuable information, will find his intereſt in conſulting.

THE MARYLAND AHIMAN REZON,
OF
FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS:
CONTAINING,
The Hiſtory of Maſonry, from the eſtabliſhment of the Grand Lodge to the preſent time; with their ancient Charges, Addreſſes, Prayers, Lectures, Prologues, Epilogues, Songs, &c. collected from their old Records, faithful Traditions, and Lodge Books.
Compiled by order of the Grand Lodge of Maryland.

UNPARALLELED SUFFERINGS
OF
JOHN COUSTOS,
Who nine times underwent the moſt cruel TORTURES ever invented by man,
And ſentenced to the Galley four years, by command of the *INQUISITION* at *LISBON*,
In order to extort from him the SECRETS of FREE-MASONRY.
From whence he was releaſed by the gracious interpoſition of his late Majeſty George II.

GEORGE BUCKMASTER,
BOAT BUILDER,
No. 191, Cherry-ſtreet, oppoſite the Hay Scales, Ship Yards, New-York,
INFORMS his friends, that he has removed his Boat ſhop from Water-ſtreet to the above ſituation, where he has a number of Boats completed of almoſt every dimention, and on terms as low as anyin New-York.
NB. Sweeps and Oars of all ſizes.

FILTERING STONES.
A pair of the beſt quality, extremely uſeful at ſea, for purifying and cooling water, for ſale, enquire at this office.

NEW NOVELS
For ſale by John Harriſson, Peck-ſlip.

Horrors of Oakendale Abbey, Charlotte Temple,
Emilia d' Varmont, or the Neceſſary Divorce,
Alexis, or the Cottage in the Woods,
Louiſa, the lovely Orphan, or the Cottage on the Moor,
Ambroſe and Eleanor, Sorrows of Werter,
Galatea, a Paſtoral Romance, (by M. Cervantes)
Paul and Virginia, an Indian Story, Two Couſins,
Ambroſio, or the Monk, by M. G. Lewis, Eſq;
Caſtles of Athlin and Dunbayne, The Coquette.
Children of the Abbey. Wieland, or the Transformation,
Ormond, or the Secret Witneſs. Tom Jones,
Letters of Charlotte, during her connexion with Werter,
Camilla. Romance of the Foreſt. The Italian,
Evelina, Paul and Mary, Young Widow, The Nun,
Nature and Art, Gonſalvo of Cordova, Arundal,
Haunted Priory, Memoirs of a Baroneſs, Pamela,
Simple Story. Man of the World. Fatal Folies,
Inquiſitor, or Inviſible Rambler, Fool of Quality,
Myſteries of Udolpho, Myſtic Cottager. Seleƈt Stories,
Count Roderick's Caſtle, Female Conſtancy,
Edward, Madame d' Barnevelt, Sutton Abbey,
Zeluco, Maurice, Audley Forteſcue,
Prince of Brittany, Caroline of Lichtfield, Baron Trenck
Man of Feeling. Telemachus, Citizen of the World,
Sentimental Journey, Roderick Random,
Haunted Cavern, a Caledonian Tale, Julia Benſon,
Vicar of Wakefield, Gabrielle de Vergey,
Netley Abbey, a Gothic Story, Perfidious Guardian,

JOHN WESSELLS,
LOOKING GLASS FRAME MAKER,
No. 12 Barclay-ſtreet, near the Roman Chapel,
Has for ſale, an aſſortment of the moſt faſhionable Looking Glaſſes, with mahogany frames, which he will ſell on the moſt reaſonoble terms. April 5, 1800. 97 1y

Mrs. SAUNDERS
Has removed her MILINARY from No. 13 to No. 121 William-ſtreet, (the houſe lately occupied by Mr Benjamin I. Moore) where her cuſtomers and others may be ſupplied as uſual, with the following articles, on the loweſt terms, viz. Straw Trimmings, Silk and Cotton Gimps and Trimmings, Frogs and Reſets for Ladies Gowns, Silk and Cotton Girdles for the waiſt---with a general aſſortment of Milinary as uſual. NB. Two or three Apprentices wanted to the above buſineſs. May 3. tf

WANTED,
A Journeyman Cabinet Maker, and an Apprentice to the Cabinet Making Buſineſs---Enquire of A. Anderſon, no. 50 Beekman-ſtreet, who has for ſale, a general aſſortment of the moſt Faſhionable Furniture. 87 tf

SOMERVILLE's CIRCULATING LIBRARY.
The following New Novels are juſt received:
AZALAIS and Aimar, a Provencal Hiſtory of the 15th century, 3 vols. Emily of Lucerne, a Novel, by the author of the Duke of Clarence, 2 vols. Feudal Events, or Days of Yore, 2 vols. Henry of Northumberland, or the Hermit's Cell, a Tale of the 15th century, 3 vols. Harcourt, a Novel, by the author of the Myſterious Wife, 4 vols. Mad Man of the Mountain, a Tale, 2 vols. Romance of the Caſtle, 2 vols. May 10.

A MORNING SCHOOL,
FROM 6 till 8, A. M. where YOUNG LADIES who wiſh to improve in Reading, Engliſh Grammar, Elocution, Writing, Arithmetic, the Elements of Aſtronomy and Geography, the uſe of the Globes and Maps, will have the ſtricteſt attention paid to their inſtruction, by the ſubſcriber, at his Seminary for Young Ladies, no. 91 Beekman-ſtreet. GAD ELY.

KOTZEBUE'S WORKS.
Juſt publiſhed, and for ſale at N. Judah's Book Store, No. 42 Water-Street,
PIZARRO, a Tragedy, price 2s. LOVERS VOWS, a Comedy. COUNT BENYOWSKY, do. STRANGER, do.
CONSTANT LOVERS, or William and Jeanette, a Novel, price 6s.

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JOHN HARRISSON,
No. 3 Peck-Slip.